pressed upon me, one that had been left behind on the night of the attack, silver-mounted and algorithmanily weapon, though without crest of device. With the pinch of powder I primed and cocked it, and was just setting it in the holster again when a voice said at my left hand: "So you are a soldier already. You travel armed, I see— a very excellent habit in these uncertain times!"

to enter his majesty's navy and help to fight the French.
"That is good enough," he said gravely, "but there is better!"
Then there at once was I all agog to know what could be better or more adventurous than fighting the French in the

royal navy.

He leaned toward me a little as J gaped

open-mouthed at him from the back of my

open-mouthed at him from the back of my jogging beast.
"Did you ever hear of Sir Henry Morgan?" he said.
"No." I answered, much taken down by my ignorance, "who might he be?"
"He was a great buccaneer," he answered in a hushed tone. "Harry Morgan took Panama and many fine cities, and was a terror to the Spaniards all his days."
"But there are no buccaneers now," I

"But there are no buccaneers now," I said, "and if there were, how am I to find them?"



The ISLE of the WINDS

pany with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an int Nouse his son Philip and his son's paramour, Jenet Mark. They quarrel. Sir James goes home, taking along his grandson. That night he is murdered by his dis-solute son and Janet Mark. They take his body outside and lay it upon an ice floe, in the effort to fasten the crime upon other shoulders. But the boy Philip has witnessed the crime. He tells his grandfather's chief tenant, Umphray Spurway, and Spurway suc-ceeds in having the real murderer brought to justice. He is sentenced to be hanged, his woman accomplice to be transported. Myseriously Philip Stansfield escapes the gallows, seeks out his wife, finds ber in the company of Spurway, and tries to murder her, but does not quite succeed. She is taken away to Abercaim for cure, leaving her son, young Philip, in charge of Spur-way and in the company of little Anna Mark, from whom he learns that in some ways girls are worth quite as much as boys. For example, in the time of the cattle drov ing, when Master Spurway bought his winter beast in the "Mart," Anna beats Philip in helping to cut them out. Still they are excellent friends, even though she beats him at her studies in the school to which him at her studies in the school to which they go together. John Stansfield, Philip's lawyer uncle, brings in a new teacher, Deminie Ringrose, a small man, with won-derful eyes. Shortly after his coming the countryside is shocked and thrilled with a countryside is shocked and thrilled with a number of bloody and mysterious murders, evidently for the sake of robbery. Business calls Umphray Spurway from home. In his absence a big packing case, purporting to be full of fine Spanish wool, is delivered to Will Bowman, Umphray's clerk. He puts it in the weaving shed. That night Philip playing about it sees shining through the gauze of the packing case a pair of eyes. He calls Will Bowman, who counts three then stabs the packing case with a small sword. Blood flows, they open the case and find Dominie Ringrose inside, apparently dead. Shortly after the house is attacked by robbers, whom Ringrose had meant to let in. They are beaten off, but afterward Philip's mother refuses to let him spend holidays at New Milns.

So, home to my mother I went to the lithouse in the Vennel, whose gable looks on the port and out on the sea washing the very sand before our doors, a mighty change for a laddle bred on the hills. Before me as I drew on my breeks were hunreds of masts of the harbor of Abercairn, the tall seagoing ships riding without at their auchorholds, the coastwise schooners dimpling on the swell midway, and a score of smacks packed along the quay like herrings in a barrel.

Then such rolling, tarry sallors as slouched and smoked along the sea front, such curious, oiled curls, pierced ears, strange eaths, jolly shiver-my-timbers comrades. All the sullen, melancholy sour humors of the Covenanting hills seemed in an hour blown away by the sunburnt mirth and many-tongued joviality of the seaport of

Abercairn.

My mother, however, had a new grievance. She had often pressed it upon Umphray Spurway that he was not the person to bring up a well-grown girl verging upon fourteen or fifteen, who would soon spring up into a woman. And so my mother offered to take Anna Mark as her daughter and bring her up with me in our little house at Abercairn.

"She needs other governance than yours."

of these things will only shame her the

Here I protested vehemently, and was

Here I protested vehemently, and was promptly put to silence with an asperity quite foreign to my mother's nature. "You know nothing about the matter, Philip. Run your ways out and play."

So for the time I went, ill enough pleased, and left my mother to press her project upon Umphray Spurway in her own manner, which doubtless she did with all success. For there was nothing then or ever that Umphray would not do to please my mother.

mother.

But when I came in again I said to her,
"Mother, what ails you and Little Anna
Mark? Why do you not like her?"

It was a surely simple question enough,
yet must my mother fall a-trembling and
locking at me with a pale and perturbed
countenance.

locking at me with a pale and perturbed countenence.

"Listen, Philip," she said. "I have had enough of this Little Anna Mark. Ever since you went to the Miln house it has been 'Little Anna Mark' this, and 'Little Anna Mark' that, as often as you come back. And when Umphray—Master Spurway, I mean—comes in to drink his dish of tea, it is Little Anna all over again. And a wildcat, madam, at the best, I warrant, she is, growing up among men there in that millhouse."

"Why, mother, they all love her," said I, to try her. "Umphray himself—"
But at this she stamped her foot. "I will hear nothing more concerning the minx, neither now nor again!" she said; and so went up to her own chamber, slamming

neither now nor again!" she said; and so went up to her own chamber, slamming the door after her.

Then, some time after, when she had forgotten her strange angers. I asked her again. "But, mother, if you are so set against our Little Anna, why is it that you desire her to come hither, and be with me in one house?"

"I desire the thing Itself not greatly."

Said my mother. "But, indeed, one cannot said my mother. "But, indeed, one cannot

"I desire the thing liseif not greatly, said my mother. "But, indeed, one cannot see the girl being brought up like a heathen among a lot of men, and for a guardian and companion having only that great soft heart of an Umphray Spurway."

This was knocking down my two idols at the beautiful made answer: "Why mother.

one blow; so I made answer: "Why, mother what has Umphray done that you have grown to dislike him? I am sure he is ever

and enough of you!"
Whereat my mother dashed her hand to Whereat my mother dashed her bair was fall-her brow, pretending that her hair was fall-ing over her eyes (which it was not, nor

"I mislike none," she said, "but I cannot

"I mislike none," she said, "but I cannot bear to see silliness. And in this Umphray has been foolish from the beginning!"

I knew that it was time to stop, so I said no more at that time. But, as may be supposed, I thought much about the matter, and the more I thought the less could it see light. Finally I judged that it must be on account of her mother, who had been sent away across the seas to the Carolinas, that my mother hated little Anna. It could not be that she was jealous of a girl like her, living in one house with Umphray Spurway, who was old enough to be her father. No, indeed, that was clean impossible.

But when next I saw Anna I got a still greater surprise. The manner of it was as follows: I was going one morning to the grammar school of Nicholas Kidston, in Abercairn, with my books in a strap under my arm, when I met William Bowman riding into the town. At this I was most mightily rejoiced, and, throwing my books hastily under a bench in a coubler's shop where I was acquainted. I ran after him.

"Let me up before you on your beast!" I cried.

"I will do better than that for you.

But when he same number of years which will bring one of them ito nineteen will house, but that day had not come.

At this last insinuation I fired up and asked her what she meant by speaking so of my mother, that my mother was a good woman, as she ought to know.

Which was true enough, but I had not learned then that the best of women are not always fair to one another—especially bring one of them ito nineteen will be to dome.

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Which was true enough, but I had not learned then that my mother was a good woman, as she ought to know.

Which was true enough, but I had not learned then that the best of women are not always fair to one another—especially bring one of them in just of the mill house, but that day had not come.

At this last insinuation I fired up and asked her what she meant by speaking so of my mother, that my mother was a good woman, as she ought to know.

Which was true enough, but I had not learned then that my mother was a good woman, as she ought to know.

Which was true enough, but I had not learned then that my mother was a good woman, as she ought to know.

Which was true enough, but I had not learned then that my mother was a good woman, as s

ed. 'I will do better than that for you Philip," he replied: "I will give you the beast itself for the day, if you like to risk it—that is, if you are not afraid of the masterms is, if you are not afraid of the mas-ter's birch for truancy tomorrow morning? "Umph-Micholas Kidston, indeed! I dare him to meddle me." I made answer. "I care so little for him that I will ride past the school door."

And, indeed, I had feared my schoolmas-

I was about to consent when a pair of

Copyright, 1898, under the name of LITTLE ANNA MARK, by S. R. Crockett.

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Synopsis of Previous Installments.

Sir James Stansfield of New Milns, in company with his grandson, young Philip, meets in an int Nouve his son Philip and his son's paramour, Jenet Mark. They quarrel. Sir 'I am going on board a snow to examine two men stood looking at us with such "I am going on board a snow to examine bills of lading with the captain. He is from Hull with a cargo of looms and foreign

bills of lading with the captain. He is from Hull with a cargo of looms and foreign yarns. The customs themselves will take a full day. Then there are his charges and allowances to be gone over. Now, I was bid to tell you that Little Anna Mark would fence you for a sliver dollar at the back of the Miln house, and that Umphray Spurway would be all day wool buying at Morehan fair. You can put the two and two together, I nope."

Will Bowman kept his countenance as he spoke. Indeed, it sounded very like a trysting of lad and lass. But neither Anna nor I thought at all of that. We were comrades—that was all. But, nevertheless, I longed to see her, and I did not believe that she could fence me. Indeed, I chuckled to myself, for I had been taking lessons in the art from one Sergt. Robert Arthur, sometime of Buchan's foot, but who, as he put it, had been promoted for drunkenness, and was now living in taverns and passing as a veteran of the wars.

It was (as I have elsewhere said) a good twelve miles by the ordinary well-trodden reads to New Milns, but there was a pass or slip through the hills behind Abercairn by which the distance was not more than seven, a good hour's ride only to one that knew the path. So, when Will had baited his horse and rested it half an hour, I got across the saddle and rode out of the town by devious ways, so that my mother would not hear of my evasion.

It was not my habit to go home to din-

by devious ways, so that my mother would not hear of my evasion.

It was not my habit to go home to dinner, for which indeed there was no time, my mother's house lying at ine far end of the town from the grammar school of Nicholas Kidston. So the day was mine own till bedtime.

olas Kidston. So the day was mine own till bedtime.

In a little more than an hour I found myself at New Milns. For as soon as the beast got its head homeward there was no need of whip or spur. Comrade, pasture and manger—or perhaps simply the desire for home—pulled the rein so that presently the great square of Umphray Spurway's mill lay beneath me, and there, by the mili wheel (as Will had said), was little Anna Mark. At sight of her I could hardly get my steed quick enough into the stable and call on Robin Green to take the care of the beast off my hands. I wanted so greatly to run to my comrade, to tread my old pastures, and forget all in the clean downward thresh of the water from the mill wheel, the singing of the weir, and little Anna's voice scolding me for minding aer foolish message and coming at all.

Now, if any one thinks this is going to turn out a love tale she is grievously mistaken. For, indeed, Anna and I were far above that kind of thing.

On the contrary, we did nothing but spar and taunt one another, and for a long time there was scarce a civil word spoken between us But these I need not write down, though I can remember them well enough.

But the serious part I will write. And

But the serious part I will write. And

But the serious part I will write. And in the aftercome that proved grave enough for me.

It was not our custom to shake hands when we met, much less—but of that we had not as much as at that time. Not I at least.

So little Anna and I sat down down on the broad wooden edge of the pool below the mill wheel, the same into which the man had fallen the night of the attack. Here we swung our legs and watched the minnows circling calmiy in the cool back-wash, till at a certain point they dived heels over head under the impetuous down rush of fourteen or lifteen, who would soon spring tup into a woman. And so my mother of fered to take Anna Mark as her daughter and bring her up with me in our little house at Abercairn.

"She needs other governance than yours." said my mother to Master Spurway. "What skills it that she can shoot and fish and play backsword as well as any man in ten parishes? She is not a man and the doing of these things will only shame her the

come to Abercairn to live with my mo-ther? There are no weirs to sing or pools to dabble your feet in there, excepting sal water once out among the dulse and th

send jumpers."
"I might like it well enough," she replied, very composedly, "only I am not coming to Aberearn to live with you or your mother interests."

I could not conceal my astonishment. "But," I remonstrated, "I know it has been settled so. For I heard my mother persuade Umphray Spurway to it."
"Oh," she made answer, without looking at me, "so your mother persuaded Umph-ray to it against his will, did she?"

ray to it against his will, did she?"
"Certainly, Little Anna," I made answer,
"I heard it with my own ears."
"Through the keyhole, I suppose," she
said scornfully. But as that was her manner, I paid no heed. (It was true all the

same.)
"Well," she went on, "it will surprise you to hear that I am not coming to Abercairn. I do not propose to exchange a house where I am welcome for one where I am not. Beside, my father has come back to this country. And I am not going to Abercairn to be snapped off in some foreign ship to help Saul Mark at his dice tables or to mind his monkey in his sleeping booth."

Both these things came like a thunderclap on me.

Both these things came like a thunderclap on me.

Anna Mark would not come to us. Her
father was back in Scotland.

And now, so curious is the heart of a
boy—I had cared little or nothing hitherto
about Anna coming to our house in the
Vennel, save to consider how she would
agree with my mother, and how late the
pair of us would be allowed to play on the
quay. But now, so soon as I knew that
she would not come. I was in a mighty
taking to make her promise—nay, even to
take her back with me there and then upon
the beast I had left in the stable.

"You would go to school in Abercairn."
I urged, "and learn also those things which
—which lasses ought to learn. For you
know, after all, you are a lassie. You cannot change that:"

"Yes," she answered with great scorn,
turning up her nose. "I am a lassie. And
because I do not wear knee breeches I
must forsooth sit all day stitching at a
sampler-so fine—Great A, plain—Great B,
plain—little B, flourished B—Anna Mark Her
Sampler. Be a good girl and you will succeed in life and be a nuisance to all your

plain-little B, flourished B-Anna Mark Her Sampler. Be a good girl and you will suc-ceed in life and be a nuisance to all your loving friends." No. I thank you, Philip Stansfield. I would rather a thousand times go help my father with his cartes Of course her father porsessed no monkey.

so we talked and talked, nor did we make so we taked and taked, nor did we make any better of it. Anna would not come to be pressed in a mold like a jelly. She could not be fitted to Mistress Priscilla Allan's set of ladylike manners. The day might come when my mother would put her out of the mill house, but that day had not come.

other at forty.

So Anna and I swung our legs and talked, while the sun mounted higher till we were almost out of the shade of the great beech which grew over the lade.

"Now come to single stick in the wool shed," she cried, suddenly starting up, "and I will make you all over blue marks to carry back to Abercairn. It will save Dominie Nicholas the trouble of birching you tomorrow."

two men stood looking at us with such kindly and smiling countenances that my suspicions were allayed, the more so tha little Anna sat still where she was, pulling the tart herb called "soorocks" from the moist crevices and crunching the stalks between her small, white teeth.

"This, then, is his grandfather's heir—a fine lad," said Saul Mark, after a while.

"And this your daughter?" inquired my urcle, turning to his companion like one who seeks confirmation, rather than like

moist crevices and crunching the stalks between her smail, white teeth.

"This, then, is his grandfather's heir—a fine lad," said Saul Mark, after a while.

"And this your daughter?" inquired my uncle, turning to his companion like one who asks a question.

"How is it, Philp," he went on, "that we see you so seldom at the great house, which in a manner belongs to you? That is not well done to your grandmother."

"I am at school, uncle," I said, not knowing well what else to say.

"So I see," said he, smiling at little Anna Mark, "It is a pleasant sort of tutelage. I myself have learned much at such an academy.

That was the way my uncle John talked who seeks confirmation, rather than like one who asks a question.

"How is it, Philip," he went on, "that we see you so seldom at the great house, which in a manner belongs to you? That is not well done to your grandmother."

"I am at school, uncle," I said, not knowing well what else to say.

"So I see," said he, smiling at little Anna Mark. "It is a pleasant sort of tutelage. I myself have learned much at such an academy.

That was the way my uncle John talked.



IT WAS A SIMPLE QUESTION ENOUGH.

ever, not speaking plain, but in long lawyer's words, and mostly with some other
meaning than that which appeared on the
surface.

"You were about to play singlestick,"
said Saul Mark. "I used to play myself.
Will you have a bout with me, Anna?"

"Agreed," said his daughter, rising quickly, and leading the way about the mill
house to the wool room. As he entered I
saw Saul Mark glance around, as if to verify a description.

fy a description.
"Master Umphray is perchance not at home today?" he said,
"No," said Anna in answer, "but there
are half a hundred weavers all busy with
their looms."

are half a hundred weavers all busy with their looms."

And she opened a door into the weaving room, where were a crowd of men and the creaking clatter of many looms and shuttles. Then Anna went and found the singlesticks and she and her father fell to. Saul Mark had been the finest player on Gasgow green on the eve of St. John (which is their head night for these ploys in the west). But now he had grown a n the west). But now he had grown a little stiff, and it was not long, whether by accident or intent, before Anna got within

accident or intent, before Anna got within his guard and cracked his crown so that a thin thread of scarlet trickled down his brow. He flung down the stick, smiling and mopping his head.

"First blood!" he said. "I did not think that the day would come when a girl could crack the pate of Saul Mark! Master John, do you try her."

But my uncle declined, saying that he was a man of peace, and that combats of wit were all that were allowed to gentlemen of the long robe. So Saul Mark bade me take the stick, which, when I had done, Arna and I played a very fast bout, as was Arna and I played a very fast bout, as was eur went, the sallow man with the rings in his ears applauding every good and clever stroke. We did not spare each other, she and I, and when a halt was called we were

oth out of breath, but Anna manifestly the victor.
"Good schooling!" said Saul Mark, nod-

"Good schooling!" said Saul Mark, nodding his head.
"Scottish courtship!" echoed Mr. John Stansfield, smiling, for which I did not thank him, and Anna cast the sticks on a shelf and turned haughtily away.

The two men did not siay long at the Miln house after this, being, as I think, apprehensive lest Umphray Spurway would return. And so Anna and I were left to ourselves. We watched them going slowly and in deep converse across the fields toward the great house of New Milns.

Anna looked long at them under her hand
"We are quaintly fitted in the matter of fathers, you and I. Philip," she said, with a strange look on her face. I thought she was going to add, "And mothers!" But she did not. Indeed, I know not whether she remembered her own mother, or whether

a strange look on her face. I thought she was going to add, "And mothers!" But she did not. Indeed, I know not whether she remembered her own mother, or whether any had ever spoken to her of Janet Mark, the Carolina slave.

"Now, you will have a bite of dinner, and be going on your way," she said. "With so many leving friends in the neighborhood, you cannot be too soon within the Vennel port of Abercairn. I did wrong to bring you here!"

But with one thing and another it was after five-of-the-clock when I took my beast from Robin Green and cried a last good-bye to my comrade. She stood by the white thorn tree at the gable end, and the westerly sun was rosy on her face. There was a light in her eyes which smiled upon me, though her mouth was grave. I did not offer even to take her hand, which was a regret to me afterward.

So in this fashion I rode away from the door of the Miln house, which I loved so well, and from Anna Mark, my dear companion and playmate of many years.

I had mastered the steeps of the hill and was making my way quickly through the perilous bypaths of the hills when night fell. I will not admit that I was frighted, as wift-footed runner, as a purple cloud, edged with a rim of living gold, rose, towered and crenellated, shutting out the sunset glow.

I was passing a little darksome loaning which leads to a lonely grange house called the Hermitage, when I heard the sound of horses' feet behind me. I turned a remarked a part of horses' feet behind me. I turned a remarked a proper of horses' feet behind me. I turned a remarked a proper of horses' feet behind me. I turned a remarked a proper of horses' feet behind me. I turned a remarked a proper of horses' feet behind me. I turned a remarked a proper of the proper of the manual paramate of horses' feet behind me. I turned a remarked a proper of the prop

which leads to a lonely grange house called the Hermitage, when I heard the sound of horses' feet behind me. I turned apprehen-sively in my saddle, or rather in Will Bow-man's saddle. I could see a dusky shape turn into the main read behind me. The shape seemed familiar, and a spasm of fear took hold of me. I put my finger into my waistcoat pocket, where (a foolish boy's trick) I carried a pinch or two of powder loose, as another might carry snuff. Then I took out the pistol Anna Mark had

waiting safe transport across the north water to Amsterdam, where the diamonds and precious stones are to be cut and reset. There are gold pieces of every tribe and denomination, arms and armor of all sorts, swords and daggers by the hundred, Indian dresses, bows and arrows, chain mail and leather-fringed dresses made for great Peruvian Incas. Many of these are of little value," he added softly. "I know not but that the captain might permit me to give you one or two of them to take home to your mother."
"Who is the captain?" I said. "I cannot go unless I know where I am going."

"Who is the captain?" I said. "I cannot go unless I know where I am going."

"Oh," said my companion lightly, "take your horse to stable first. He will not be need tonight, and then come with me. You will surely not be afraid to go to the house of the chief magistrate of this city. He it is who is our receiver and supercargo. Besides you can bring your pistol."

It seemed to me impossible that there could be the least danger in accompanying Saul Mark to the house of Provost Gregory Partan, shipowner and merchant of the town of Abercairn. And the thought of the suits of armor, the damascened swords, and above all the Indian bows and arrows tempted me beyond the power of words to express. I thought that if I could only show myself to little Anna Mark in the costume of an Indian brave with feather plume, bow and arrow, and tomahawk, there would be nothing more left to live for.

So I stabled my horse at the King's

for.
So I stabled my horse at the King's Arms without waiting to inquire whether Will Bowman had returned or not. Saul Mark awaited me at the door.

"Follow me," he said, "and remember, be silent. This is a secret we tell to but few And there is a company of horse quartered in the town." We went down the High street to the

house of that douce man. Mr. house of that douce man, Mr. Gregory Partan, shipmaster and merchant. M. guide passed quickly to a side door under a low-browed arch, which opened at the



Did you ever hear of Sir Henr

end of the provost's house. Rable end of the provost's house. He knocked twice.

After a moment the door was opened an inch and I heard the rattle of a chain.

"Who's there?" said a voice.

"A friend to see the treasure!" said Saul

"A friend to see the treasure!" said Saul Mark.

"His name?"
"Master Philip Stansfield the younger, whose mother lives in the Vennel!"

"A decent woman," said a voice; "let him come in and see the treasure."

I recognized the provost's voice. I had heard it often enough on the quay upraised in chaffering and badinage with the sailors and master mariners, of whom he had ever a nurnber about him. So I felt safe, and my ideas of Saul Mark were much altered by the deference which I heard so important a man pay to him.

"Now, quiet," Le said; "give me your hand. The first part of the way is dark!"
I followed him down a long passage, still further down a flight of steps, and finally we stood on a hard floor of crumbly stone which rang hollow under foot.

"Wait a moment here till I get a light," said my guide. He let go my hand and left

me standing there in the midst. The next moment a heavy door clanged behind him and I heard the sound of shooting bolts.

"Saul-Saul Mark," I cried, "where are you? Let me out! Let me out!"

For now it came to me that I had been tricked. I called on the provost till I was hoarse. I shouted entreaties, reproaches, threatenings. I felt all round the walls, bruising my hands as I did so. They were of stone, and solid, yet with a curious crumbly, dryish feeling everywhere. My prison house appeared to come to a point over my head. The iron door at the side by which I had entered was now blocked up by stones like the rest and quite indistinguishable.

The Egyptian dark of the place could be felt like a weight on the eyelids. Exhausted and desperate. I sat me down on the cold stone floor and wept. a very excellent habit in these uncertain times!"

The speaker was Saul Mark, habited in a long cloak of black and wearing a hat with a feather. He was mounted on the very gray horse my father used to ride in the old days before my grandfather's death.

I told Saul Mark how I had come by the weapon, and he was interested greatly to hear of the attack and all that concerned it. I told him also of Little Anna's bravery, and how she had delivered me from the dead man come alive again.

"Ah, lad," he said, "you have in you the true stuff for adventure. I can see that. "Tis pity that you will be a rich man, and never know the sweets of travel, save in a coach and four, or see stranger places than the cities between here and London." I told him that, on the contrary, I had a natural inclination for the sea (which indeed, most boys have), and that I hoped to enter his majesty's navy and help to fight the French.

"That is good enough," he said gravely.

CHAPTER XX.

On the Trail of the Hunter. Now I must go back to where I left little Anna Mark. And full time, too, for such a numbskull as I had proved myself hath occupied the tale long enough. I will re-late what happened to her, for I have reason to know it as well as if it had hap-rened to myself-or, in fact, fully better.

I left Anna, as all may remember, by the westerly gable of Umphray-Spurway's house of New Milns when, in the evening sunshine, I rode away over the hills well enough conceited with myself, which is no unusual habit of mind in sixteen when it eath spent an hour or two in the company f an honest young lass. Well, as I say, I left Anna standing un

of an honest young lass.

Well, as I say, I left Anna standing under the flowering thorn which Umphray had fetched all the way from Yorkshirewhy, no one exactly knew. It may be that one like it grew in his mother's garden on the edge of the wold, or perhaps once on a time he, toc, had left a young maiden standing under the white May and smiling even as Anna had now smiled upon me. Anna Mark stood a while looking after me under her hand, and I, for very pride of my horsemanship and the straightness of my back, did not turn round in the saddle. Then, since William Bowman was in Atercairn and Umphray himself not yet home, she went off to the ordering of domestic affairs in the Min house, and to see that the foremen weavers shut and barred all the doors properly, for in this matter Umphray Spurway trusted her wholly, as, indeed, well he might.

And while she was within doors the sun began to sink, and the coolness of evening to come up out of the ground. By and by Anna went out to the hillside pastures at the back to find Joey Forgan, the herd toy of the Miln, who ought to have had the cows home by that time. She was promising to herself what she would certainly do to Joey when she caught him. Walking with the swing I knew so well, and whistling like a lintie, she sped swift and light over the bent. But all suddenly she saw that which made her stop stock still one moment and the next drop out of sight into a copse of tall broom.

The heather grows low down on the hills.

moment and the next drop out of sight into a copse of tall broom.

The heather grows low down on the hills above Umphray's, those same purple hills I had ridden into half an hour before. The gorse and whin-blcom reach up the burn sides to meet it, and all about there is scattered a bewilderment of rocky knolls and great gray stones as big as cot houses. Anna Mark was turning the corner of one of these huge bowlders when a couple of score of yards beneath her she saw two men speaking together like folk who have secrets to hide. One, the smaller and more thickly set, was Saul Mark, her own father. The other was a much taller, more comsecrets to hide. One, the smaller and more thickly set, was Saul Mark, her own father. The other was a much taller, more commanding man, in a laced coat, which, though they stood in the shadow, glittered in the bright reflection from the western sky. It was of pale blue cloth, and the braiding was of no pattern which bespoke a soldier of the king. Saul Mark was standing with his hat off before the man in the blue coat and listening with an air of much respect. The latter appeared to be giving certain orders, for as he finished speaking, Anna saw her father salute, and presently mount the horse whose bridde rein had been passed through his arm. He rode off as hard as he could go in the direction of the Tinkler's Slap, the nearest pass through the hills to the town of Abercairn. The tall, swarthy man stood awhile looking after him, and then turning abruptly, on his heel he strode past the broom bush in which Anna was hidden so closely that she could feel the ground shake with his heavy tread as he went.

Then it came into her head that Saul Mark, her father, had been ordered to ride after me for some purpose of immediate treachery. She remembered the look on her father's face as he had watched us across the little linn of Kirkconnel that very afternoon, and do what she would she could not get the sense of impending danger out of her mind.

Anna looked about for Joey and the New Mins kye. She could see the last of them

of her mind.

Anna looked about for Joey and the New Mins kye. She could see the last of them passing in through the great gate and a couple of weavers standing on either side to make all fast as soon as they were safe. Then there came to the girl one of those quick impulses which, far more than ordered and reasonable resolves, rule and order women's conduct.

der women's conduct.

Anna resolved to follow her father through the hill gap, to find out for what purpose he had ridden off so hotly upon my trail, and who the tall man might be whose orders he had taken like a servitor standing in the presence of his master. All which indeed she achieved before the night was out, though not in the fashion she an-ticipated.

Now, with Anna to think was simulta-

neously to act, which circumstance made her so dangerous at fencing and the singlestick play. So it chanced that as Saul Mark rode northward by the Tinkler's Slap to intercept me, he had a long, limber slip of a girl tracking like a sleuth hound hard to intercept me, he had a long, limber slip of a girl tracking like a sleuth hound hard upon his trail. For the first part of her pursuit it was not hard to keep her father in sight, He did not ride well, but rather with the seaman's roll and lack of both comfort and elegance in the saddle. Besides, the pass was difficult and enough even for a good horseman and in the day-time. What it was to Saul Mark in the gray deeps of the gloaming only Saul himself knew, and so far he has kept his council. But to Anna all this was child's play. She had wandered on the hills with Muckle Saunders Maemillan till she could run as lightfoot over the heather and morass as one of his scouring collies. The moorland night was to her as the day, being, as I often cast up to her, eyed like a cat. And so while Saul Mark was every moment gripping and slackening his beast's rein, and cursing under his breath each time it stumbled, Anna was watching every movement with eyes which could distinguish the twinkle of the wide silver ear-

movement with eyes which could distin-guish the twinkle of the wide silver earrings in his ears every time his beast plunged over a mossy bowlder or wandered aside from the fairway of that perilous and oreakneck path. When at last Saul debouched upon me at

When at last Saul debouched upon me at the meeting of the hill roads on the brae face overlooking the twinkling lights of Abercain, Anna was not 100 yards in our rear. Yet such was the resolution of her heart that she did not betray herself either then or afterwards. Such a lass as little Anna Mark there was not in broad Scotland—no, nor ever will be. That heart of hers beat as steady and true between the instant jaws of danger as when she sat in Moreham kirk listening to the minister's sermon. And always, come stress or ease-In Moreham kirk listening to the minister's sermon. And always, come stress or easement, the merry eyes of laughter or the grinning sockets of death himself, her brain abode under her broad white brow as cool and unruffied as beneath some overhanging rock in the forest you may find in summer heats the caller water of some crystal well. So it chanced that while Saul the father played me for one silly gull, gorging me with the bait of lies, which I swallowed greedy-tooth, hook and all, his daughter Anna played him for another, and from a safe distance kept us both under observation.

Anna played him for another, and from a safe distance kept us both under observation.

And had she been left to herself, there is little doubt but that she would have prevented all the evils which fo lowed. But as ill chance would have it, not a score of yards from the entrance of the town, who should come across her but Will Bowman. He had been walking with his arm about a girl's waist, more for something to do than for any pleasure there might be in courting the not too impervious damsels of the town of Abercairn. But at the sight of little Anna with kited coats linking it through the busy streets. Will dropped his companion's arm incontinent and took after her as hard as he could go. He thought it was likely that Anna had come over the hills with me to look for Umphray Spurway, and he knew that it would not make for peace that she should seek him where he was to be found at that moment—that is, to be plain, in the little house by the Vennel corner, where he sat sipping his glass and devouring my mother with his eyes.

So on the slanted shoulder of the girl as

glass and devouring my mother with his eyes.

So on the slanted shoulder of the girl as she went up the lighted street of Abercairn at a harvester's trot, fell the hand of Will Bowman.

"Anna," he said, breathlessly, "what in the world of sin are you doing so far from home? You that should be in your warm bed behind barred doors in the house of New Milns?"

She tried to escape from his restraint, but Will's hand was overstrong. She never could turn him about her little finger as

she did me-aye, and for the matter of that Umphray Spurway also. "Let me go-let me go, Will Bowman!" she gasped. "Do not hinder me. It is a matter of life and death. I am following

"Let me go—let me go, Will Bowman!" she gasped. "Do not hinder me. It is a matter of life and death. I am following Philip and my father."
"Your father?" repeated Will after her, speaking like a man in a 'maze.
"Yes; let me go! Or, better still, come with me. They passed up this street a moment ago, and we will lose them if we are not quick?"
But it was not in Will Bowman's power on this occasion to be quick. Beauty scorned was upon him. The lady whose arm he had so unceremoniously dropped was a certain Tib Rorrison, who earned her daily bred in the fish trade of Abercairn. Now, why fish dealing should produce in women a certain rough readiness of wift and raspiness of tongue is not perfectly clear. But the fact could not be doubled while Tib was explaining to Will and little Anna what she thought of them. "Ye menseless landward-bred hound!" she cried, shaking her red fist, solid as a quarter of beef, a bare inch under Will's nose, "ken ye so little o' Isobel Rorrison that ye wad dare to mistryst her, to tak' tup wi' a silly partan o' a bairn like this. And you, Mistress Babbyclouts, that thinks wi' thae winkin' cen o' yours to tak' Tib Rorrison's lad frae her on the high street o' Albercairn—for a bodle I wad tear the bonny face o' ye till it is a' rig-an' furr like a new-plowed field. Aye, an' Tib wad do it, too—were it not that skelpin' wad fit ye better. ye pentyworth o' whitey-broon thread tied in a wisp!

"Na. an' I'll no stand oot o' your road, Will Crack-tryst! And I'll no haud my impident tongue. What care I if a' the toon kens? What business had ye to speer me oot to walk to Lucky Bodden's booth wy, e, and partake o' spiced gingerbread and fardin saveloys, forbye the best o' tinpenny ale? Aye, lasses, that did he, the decivit; thief, an' he shallna leave thae plain-stanes he is standin' on till he has treated no entype to the standing and lass within hearin' o' the soond o' my voice!"

"That's richt, Tib! Gie him his kat!

oot to wark to Lucky Boaden's coold wive, and partake o' spiced gingerbread and fardin saveloys, forbye the best o' tinpenny ale? Aye, lasses, that did he, the deceiving thief, an' he shallna leave that plain-stanes he is standin' on till he has treated no only me, Tib Rorrison, but every ither honest lad and lass within hearin' o' the soond o' my voice!"

voice!"
"That's richt, Tib! Gie him his kall
through the reek!" chorused the crowd:
"gar him scunner. Tear the e'en oot o'
that wee besom that garred him lichtly "Faith wad I, gin it were me, the randy

that she is

"Aye, an' me! A herd lass, nocht bet-"If Tib has only spunk in her ava', she'll "If Tib has only spunk in her ava', she'll never stand the like o' that."

Such were the interruptions, all obviously provocative, which reached the ear of the already militant lady, Mistress Isobel Rorrison, and she squared her arms and strode up so close to Anna Mark that even in the dusky flare of the torches from the booths Anna could see the red of her weather-beaten complexion, netted and marly like the reticulations on a bladder. A fire was beginning to burn in Anna's eye, and her hand stole down toward the dirk she carried in her satcael pocket. But Will noted the

hand stole down toward the dirk she carried in her satenel pocket. But Will noted the signs of coming trouble, and, putting his hand into his pocket, he drew out half a dozen silver coins and held them out to Tib.

"There," he said; "I will stand treat. This is my master's daughter, and she is seeking him ower late to be left on the street of Abercairn by hersel. Tak' the siller, Tib, and bear nae malice. And the next time I come to Abercairn I swear ye shall hae Lucky Bodden's candy-stall, stool and a', gin ye like."

shall hae Lucky Bodden's candy-stall, stool and a', gin ye like."

Tib. though considerably molified, would not at once give in, being in the presence of so many witnesses.

"Gie your dirty siller to wha ye like, Will Bowman." she cried, changing her ground: "when Tib Rorrison sets tryst wi' a lad, it's neither for the sake o' siller, nor yet tippenny ale, I wad hae ye ken!"

Will. anxious to be out of the crowd. looked around for some one he knew. He espied the hostler from the King's Arms.

"Hey, Jock Pettigrew, ye are no sae prood as Tib. Here's five sliver shillings, sterling money. Gang doon to Lucky's and treat every lad and lass that will follow ye, gen't Tib first choice o' the saveloys. Guid nicht, Tib! Eat your fill, and dinna bear nicht, Tib! Eat your fill, and dinna bear

malice!"
And so, under cover of the cheering and back-clapping. Will and Anna escaped down the high street of Abercairn.
(To be continued.) IN THE CHURCHES

The tonic which is now being considered by church people of every denomination, here and elsewhere, more generally than any other, it is believed, is the great conference of mission workers in New York, beginning April 21 and continuing for ten

A minister who expects to attend the conerence of mission workers, as it will be called, said there will be delegates present from every part of the world, and, con-

tinuing, remarked:
"This conference is a successor to the conferences held in London in June, 1888, and in Mildway in October, 1878. There were important conferences held prior to these, however, the first of which was in New York in 1854, when a number of gen-tlemen gathered to hear from an eminent missionary, who had long lived abroad, some statement of the principles, methods

"In 1877 a convention was held at Shanghal, which was of great value and importance. But the conference held at Mildmay Park, London, in October, 1878, was the first-to assume an ecumenical or world-wide character. There were 158 delegates present, representing 37 societies in England, the United States and the continent of Europe.

"The last conference was held at Exeter Hall, London, in June, 1888, and was the largest conference in point of members, in the societies represented, in the range of subjects discussed, and in the eminent character of the delegates present, ever

subjects discussed, and in the eminent character of the delegates present, ever held. There were 1.576 in attendance, representing 139 societies. Almost every missionary field had its special representative, The president of the conference was the Earl of Aberdeen, and Mr. Gladstone gave a reception in honor of the members of the conference.

a reception in honor of the members of the conference.

"The conference which is to be held in New York will have representatives from all the Protestant missionary societies and from all the mission centers in the world. The committee of arrangements is preparing to entertain 3,000 delegates. Former President Harrison has consented to act as homorary president, and it is expected that former President Cleveland. Admiral Dewey, Rear Admiral Philip, Capt. A. T. Mahan. Associate Justice Brewer, former Secretary of State John W. Foster and many other prominent men will be present. The conference will be ecumenical in every respect. "Among the subjects which will be dis-

trelates to the character, importance and success of the work, together with the organization and administration of mission

churches; 'Educational Work,' its place in churches; 'Educational Work,' its place in Christian missions, the organization of schools and the training of native teachers; 'Woman's Share,' which will have special reference to the condition of women in unChristian countries and child widowhood; 'Self-supporting Missions,' embracing principles and methods; 'Students' Work,' having special reference to volunteer and young people's movements: 'Medical Work,' Literary Work,' Bible Translations, 'Industrial Training,' The Present Situation,' and especially the 'Comity of Missions,' by which it is hoped that overlapping in mission fields, denominational rivalries and the accentuation of denominational differences will be largely avoided.

"Many other subjects will be discussed, but those mentioned give a fair idea of the

tittle summer house of the parish garden Kaiserswerth, a refuze for discharg female convicts. Through that incident tittle summer house became the cradle the Kaiserswerth Magdalen Home and many other institutions located there.

Presbyterians here are interested in what takes place in the churches of the denomination in Baltimore, those in both cities being connected with the same synod, and they will, it is thought, be glad to learn that at the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Babcock, who a few weeks ago resigned the pastorat of Brown Memorial Church, the congregation of the latter has called Rev. John T. Stone to succeed him as pastor.

The Rev. John T. Stone to succeed him as pastor.

The Rev. John Timothy Stone is thirtyone years old and was born near Boston,
Mass. He comes from a family of ministers, being representative of the sixth generation to follow this calling on his father's
side. He studied in the public schools of
Boston, and graduated at the Amherst College in 1891 with honors. He was orator
of his class and made a decided impression
on his class associates by his abilities. After leaving Amherst College he went to the
Auburn (N. Y.) Theological Seminary,
where he completed his studies for the
ministry.

where he completed his studies for the ministry.

After graduating from the theological seminary he was sent to the Adirondacks as the first missionary of the Presbyterian Sunday school board. During his sojourn in the mountains he walked 1.200 miles and established sixteen Sunday schools, four of which have slare become churches. His first charge was the Oliver Street Church in Utica, N. Y., when the remained for several years. He then accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church at Cortland, N. Y., where he is at present. He was mar-Y., where he is at present. He was mar-ried in 1894 to Miss Bessie Parsons, the daughter of the Rev. Henry M. Parsons, a well-known minister of Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. M. E. Carroll has been elected missionary for the People's Mission, of which Rev. E. D. Bailey is president. The mission authorities have issued an address to the public, stating that: "The People's Mission is interdenominational and evangelistic. It aims to be in full accord with the churches, and it desires their co-operation. It has one branch, with more in prospect; it publishes a weekly paper, and it is proposed to run a gospel wagon. All persons in sympathy with its work are invited to be enrolled as supporters." colled as supporters.

As heretofore mentioned in The Star, the consecration of Monsignor Sbarretti, blah-op-elect of Havana, will take place at St. Aloysius Church Sunday morning, February 4. The event is expected to be attended with magnificent surroundings. The ceremony of consecration will be performed by Archbishop Martinelli, Bishop Curtis of Cardinal Gibbons' household and Bishop Monaghen of Wilmington, Del., assisting, Others who will take part in the ceremonies, according to present understanding, are: Rev. Dr. Rooker, assistant priest; Rev. J. I. Barrett of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Rev. Dr. Pace of the Catholic University, deacons of honor; Rev. Mr. Daugherty of Philadelphia, deacon; Rev. J. D. Lennan of New York, subdeacon; Rev. George Daugherty of St. Augustine's, Washington: Rev. Henry T. Newey of New York and Rev. P. J. Magee of Providence, R. L. masters of ceremonies.

Fifty altar boys will be present in the

The quadrennial session of the Bishops' some statement of the principles, methods and views of Christian missions. This conference lasted but a day and a half, but out of it came an impulse that put the work far in advance.

"A conference was held in Calcutta in 1855, when five days were spent in the discussion of methods, plans and suitable localities for doing effective work. Another was held in Benares, the records of which were entirely destroyed in the Sepoy mutiny of 1857.

"In 1877 a convention was held at Shanghai, which was of great value and importance. But the conference held at Steingrapher.

Kealing, and Mr. Charles S. Smith, official stenographer.

The opening meeting will commence at 10 a.m. Wednesday, and after devotional exercises and an address by the senior bishop present adjournment will be had until the evening, when the following program will be carried out: Reception to bishops by Metropolitan A. M. E. Church: address on behalf of the city, Commissioner John W. Ross: address on behalf of the city churches, Rev. Dr. Francis J. Grimke; address on behalf of the laity, John A. Simon, sr.; responses by Bishop H. M. Turner, Rev. T. W. Henderson and Prof. H. T. Kealing

Kealing
The morning of each day during the meeting will be devoted to the transaction of general business, and the evenings, other than the first, as follows: Second, observthan the first, as follows: Second, observance of the twenty-fith anniversary of the titnerant service of Rev. J. Albert Johnson, pastor of Metropolitan Church; third, anniversary meeting. Bishop B. F. Lee, presiding; fifth, twentieth century meeting. Bishop W. J. Gaines presiding; sixth, platform meeting, Bishop Salter presiding, and addresses by Dr. H. T. Johnson and Rev. Dr. C. S. Smith. Bishop Turner is president of the council and Bishop Arnett secretary.

Revised Mythology.

Little Eph-"Mammy, does yo' know who Minerva is?"

Mammy-"Know her? I guess I do! She's dat low-down cook at Mistah Brown's, an she's done owed me fohty cents foh six months!"



"Well, Saunders, what sort of weather have you been having while I've away?"
"It's bin just shockin', Missy. Fust it fris, an then it thew; an' then it snew;
an' then it thew agin an' friz on it,"—Punch.